

Matrimonial.

BAKER—ETHRIDGE.—Miss Jessie Ethridge to Mr. Wm. Baker, at the home of the bride about 4 miles west of Lanark on Nov. 20, 1895. The ceremony was performed by the writer in the presence of only intimate friends.

Z. T. LIVENGOOD.

FLICKINGER—LIVENGOOD.—Sister Fannie Livengood was married to W. I. Flickinger at the home of the bride, on the 28th day of November, at 6:30 P. M. About 80 invited guests were present. The ceremony was performed by the writer.

Z. T. LIVENGOOD.

KENNEL—MILLER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Champion Fayette Co., Va., Nov. 28, 1895 Mr. Harry Kennel and Miss Maggie L. Miller, were by the writer, united in the bond of holy matrimony. May they have a happy prosperous, and blissful voyage on the matrimonial sea of life, and abundant entrance into the paradise of bliss above.

W. A. HARMAN.

Our Dead.

PUTERBAUGH.—Ella Rudy was born in Mifflin County, Pa., August 18, 1860, and died at her home in Lanark, on November 30, 1895, making her age the brief span of life 35 years, 3 months and 14 days.

She came with her parents to Cedar County, Iowa, in the year 1865, and again with her parents in 1883, she moved to Lena, Illinois, where she was married to B. F. Puterbaugh on April 3rd, 1884. Immediately afterward she moved to Lanark with her husband and resided here the remainder of her earthly pilgrimage.

Having lived here about eleven years she became well acquainted to many of our people, and among them made numerous warm friends. This union of hearts and lives was blest by one son and daughter, Myron and Bessie. The latter, little Bessie, calmly yielded to the unrelenting and wicked demands of disease, and fell asleep in Jesus only about three months ago, and her lifeless body was laid to rest in the city of the dead, on yonder hill, awaiting the resurrection of the dead.

This marriage although but about 11 years of duration proved to be a union of kindred and congenial hearts, resulting in the formation of a happy home, but alas, disease came several years ago, and made soft and easy inroads upon the wife and

mother. All was done that man could do, but the disease grew to be master, claimed its victim, despoiled this once happy home, and leaves it desolate, lonely and sad.

Five years ago in October Sister Puterbaugh united with the Brethren church, and lived a consecrated and devoted Christian life, her religious life was her joy, her comfort and her salvation. Her dying request was "Take me home, Lord Jesus."

Sister Puterbaugh leaves behind her in this world of sorrows, a husband, one son, two brothers, and four sisters, only one sister being present at the funeral.

She lost her mother when but 11 years old in the state of Iowa, and her father died while residing at Lena, Ill.

The funeral was conducted from the Bethel church at 10:30 on Monday morning by Rev. Z. T. Livengood assisted by Elder Trout. The interment was made in the city cemetery.

MILLER.—Jacob D. Miller was born in Clear Creek township, Huntington, Co., Ind., Oct. 15, 1844, died near the place of birth Nov. 28, 1895, aged 51 years, 1 month and 13 days. He was a member of the Brethren church, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Funeral service by the writer to a large sympathizing audience.

W. C. PERRY.

LONG.—In the Mt. Vernon congregation near Kecksburg, Va., Jessie May, daughter of brother Joshua and Catherine Long, died Nov. 19, 1895, aged 10 years 5 months and 22 days. Funeral services conducted by the writer. Remember how short my time is. Psalms 89:47. May the favor of God be upon the bereft ones, and keep them so they may unite with those gone before, and enjoy bliss beyond this vale of tears.

H. A. HARMAN.

SKIN DEEP OR HEART DEEP.

Grandma was always saying it: "Beauty is only skin deep."

"I don't see," said Hattie one day, "why it may not be heart deep."

"Depends on how you behave," said grandma, who seemed to have a good many troubled thoughts about Hattie's pretty face. "Good looking is all very well, but pretty behaving is a great deal better. Just because you have some bright eyes and red cheeks and dimples to start with, you'll maybe think there isn't any need of going any deeper."

"Yes, I will!" said Hattie in a sudden fit of goodness. "I'm a-going to! Maybe," she added laughing, "it will 'strike in' like measles, and 'end in something serious,' as the doctor was afraid they would."

"Tisn't any laughing mattey," said grandma, laughing as if it were, for all that. "The Lord looks on the heart, and he must see some terrible homely ones sometimes."

Somehow this little talk took root in Hattie's mind as none of grandma's other talks had done, and she began really to try to let the prettiness "strike in," as she had said, by doing things to fit the face that God had given her.

The first chance she had was when her mother was trying on a new dress that Hattie wanted to wear to a picnic. It is so good of your mother to try and make all your dresses, and when they don't always quite fit the first time trying, anybody would think the little girls might be patient and willing to "try, try, try again." But Hattie wasn't. Haw! she did use to fret and scowl and wriggle, and "wish the old dress was at Hackney-barney," wherever that is. Somehow to-day, as mother pinned and unpinned, and pared out the neck and arm-holes, a queer little text ran in and out of Hattie's head: "The Lord is looking!"

"Looking at what?" thought Hattie. "To see how I behave? To see if I get a scowley place on my forehead? I wonder if he sees wrinkles come in my heart?"

Before she was through with such thoughts, mother was through with her, and sent her off to dress with a loving little pat, and a kiss for "standing good," so long. As Hattie ran upstairs she almost stumbled over the baby who was all in a heap on the lower stair because he "anted some crusty bread, and everybody was too busy to get it for him." Hattie caught the tot up in her arms and ran up to her room, and was ready in a minute to run down again, like the mouse in "Hickery-dickery dock," and get him the crustiest beautiful brown piece that was ever baked. And she didn't scold a bit about the crumbs. She rocked the darling ever so long, and he hugged her with the bread in one fist till the crumbles went down her neck. Wasn't that being a beautiful sister?

You see how it began. Hattie kept trying to remember that the Lord was really looking at her, all the time, and she began to care what he thought about her. He likes to see little girls kind and gentle to home folks, so Hattie tried to be just that all the time. He likes to see people honest and true, and anybody can be that. In a good many ways the little girl found that she could make herself better looking, and other people noticed it and spoke of it. Grandma said she "believed Hattie was getting to be good looking clear through."